TRICKS OF THE TURF.

THE SPORT OF KINGS HAS IN A GREAT MEASURE RECORD 7 HE LIVELLA LIGHT STATES RECORD 7 HE LIVELA LIGHT stockbrokers, traders and even of persons who own and run gambling hells.

A brief description of some of these trickeries of the European turf of the present day may perhaps be of interest to the reader, who, like all good Americans, has, I am sure, a very warm corner in his heart for everything pertaining to The same practices may prevail on this side of the ocean-1 am quite in the dark about the turf here-but at any rate my remarks may tend to show the transatlantic frequenter of oldworld racecourses to what an extent every thing connected with the alleged trial of speed

is cut and dried in advance. Thus, a favorite form of trickery, which is perhaps unjustly, ascribed by popular report to M. Michel Ephrussi in connection with the victory of his horse Gospodar at the French Derby, is to have the favorite of the stable entered for, say, the "Poule des Produits," taking place two or three weeks prior to the date fixed for the Chantilly Derby or the Grand Prix. Any former successes that the nag may have had are made the most of; its qualities vaunted in every pos-MOC on how endowed that the board of the control of sible way and the fact proclaimed that one the crack English jockeys has been engaged to ride it in the race. Instead, however, of being subjected to strict training and plenty of exer-

mber of jockeys, but of trainers as well. As Seneral rule, however, the jockeys do not work h unison with one another, and when one of them intentionally prevents his mount from winning, it is usually because he has received orders to that effect from his employer, or else in consequence of his having been "fixed" by some repntative of a syndicate of bookmakers. The doctoring of horses just before the race by giving them a pail of water to drink is too transparent to be so much used as it was a few years by entering them in races where the course is either too short or too long. For instance, there are some horses which are at their best in a folle, but which drop back rapidly toward the

to show their speed and stamina. he can lose a race besides doliberately me can lose a race besides doliberately ing. For instance, there are some jockeys make a specialty of pushing their mounts ill they are worth in the first part of a tack, but they are utterly exhausted before the coming in among the trailers. Other or arrange to get pocketed, only emerging the bunch when it is too late to catch up the leaders. These are only a few of the

h in a mile and a half or two-mile stretch;

this a five-furiong dash does not give them



The public had its way, however, as it generally does, and in a few years sleepers were running on most of the prominent railroads of the United

States. The first sleepers that were built would not be considered fit to travel in now, but they were regarded as great luxuries then. A picture showing the interior of a Wagner sleeping-car, in use on the New-York Central Railroad, which was published in "Frank Lesile's Elustrated Newspaper" on April 30, 1859, and is reproduced herewith, gives one a Where the trainer or owner is interested good idea of the "luxuries of trave." as they existed in his horse's defeat he prefers to bring ft about by entering them in races where the course is were of the plainest sort. A shelf was placed across the seats, which accommodated passengers as usual in the daytime, to form the lower berth, and two were let down from the sides, forming three tiers of berths on each side of the car. The car was lighted by kerosene lamps attached to the ceiling, and warmed by an old-fashioned wood stove, placed near the centre of the car. By taking and how difficult it is to establish any proof care in selecting the position of the berth, one ainst a jockey! There are so many ways by might on a cold night have the privilege of sleeping might on a cold night have the privilege of sleeping the becam loss a reconstruction. might on a cold night have the privilege of sleeping in the temperature of the tropics, in the varying degrees of the temperate zone, or in the frigidity of the Arctic circle, according as he should be near to or remote from the stove.

The man with a lantern in the centre of the car is not the president of the road. He is the conductor. The coats of all the conductors in those days may not have fitted so well as does the one worn by the subject of the sketch, but all the conductors then wore high hats, and so did the engi-

From The Pall Mail Budget.

I have been amusing myself by deciphering a letter which Sir Isaac Pitman has written to "The Daily News" on a subject which he phonetically spells "mel atj." Sir Isaac-or, as the reformed speling has it, "Etzak"—says that he is in his alitisekond yeer," instead of being, as some have averred, nearly ninety. He is in good health, "but not ekwal tu much fizikal ekzershon." It seems to me that, even if Sir Isaac Pitman be only eightly-two, he ought to be able to spell better than this. Speaking seriously, however, I find something in Sir Isaac Pitman's spelling which hurts a certain sense of reverence in my nature. Take for example that word "physical." Its very superfluities and absurdities are interesting. It stretches back through Rome and Athens to its root in the Asian nursery of the Aryan race. And at each successive stage of growth it has gathered up some new development of meaning some fresh nuance of association. It carries with it the concentrated perfume of the ages; and I would not disturb a letter of it, even to suit the convenience of a Board schoolboy. If I were allowed to pull down Westminster Abbey, I could design a structure which would be simpler and easier to find one's way about; and yet I do not think the Abbey would be improved. For this reason I shall never write the word "fizikal" again.

LEFT FOR AMERICANS TO HONOR KEATS.

From The London Globe. From The London Globe.

It is astonishing to find that there is, as yet, no memorial of John Keats upon English ground, and that the bust which is to be unveiled in the Parish Church of Hampstead on July 16 has been executed by an American sculptor, and is to be presented by Americans to the English people. Well might Keats have directed that there should be inscribed upon his tomb, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water"; for his own countrymen never seem to have recognized how great a lustre his genius shed upon the English name.

The summer fields bestarr'd ...th flowers— The plumed grasses drenched with dew— Serve but to calendar the hours That space me from my past—and you.

Love, hast thou dreamed—in these gray calms Of quiet pulse and leaden peace. That time had brought his healing balms And ancient sorrow found surcease?

Who hath one plaint—and must be mute; Who hath one song—and may not sing. Dear, you would weary of a lute Which only owns a single string.

THE MATCHMAKER.

BY L. B WALFORD. TO.

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CHAPTER IV.

LADY CARNOUSTIE DIAGNOSES PENELOPE. She has beauty-but still you must keep your heart

She has wit-but you mustn't be caught so .- Moore. ensconced in her room and could be left there, a conclave to discuss her should be held in the sofa corner by the select three who held the privilege.

Lord Carnoustle and Mina were not considered eligible for membership to this tribunal.

"She seems to be a well-mannered girl," began tion, for she prided herself on never forming hasty judgments. "Perhaps she talks a little too quickly; I observe many young people do that, especially English ones; but her voice is sweet, and I approve of her suggestion of calling me 'aunt.'

sumed to feel sure that her mother would not approve, and had actually been about to say so. "Do you really? I was afraid you would consider grievance

Mina too much alone with Penelope, girls.

"Not until we know what Penelope really is, mamma."

"True. You are right to correct me, Louisa. Very true. Not until we know what Penelops really is. At present, for aught that appears, she may be anything.

"Yes," proceeded Lady Carnoustie, stroking her cap strings with renewed complacency, "it would be foolhardy to trust a London girl too much. A London girl must know a great deal, and be cognizant of many things whereof you, my dears, are happily ignorant. I cannot be thankful enough that we have been enabled to rear you in ignorance of the vices and follies of the world at large. I have much to be thankful for. In the main you are duifful daughters, and though the spirit of the age has penetrated even here, and you are, as I often tell you, inclined to usurp a certain position in which you are not placed—for while I am with you I must be at the head of this house"—she was wandering off into the old wilderness of talk which all knew so well, and which never led to anything—but happily relief was at hand; Mina came tripping into the room—Mina looking more animated than usual, and in consequence prettier.

Lady Carnoustie's brow relaxed and she smilled tenderly.

"Where have you been, love?"

"Only round to the farm, mamma. I ran round after we left Penelope in her room."

Where have you been, love?"

"You will be turning into a dairymsid soon, Mina," playfully.

"I should like to be one. I am learning to milk."

"You must get Penelope to learn, too, little one."

"You must get Penelope to learn, too, little one."

"You must get Penelope to learn, too, little

one."
Mina laughed and ran away.
"And you, Louisa, might try to get her to take an interest in intellectual pursuits. Do not encourage her to talk about herself. Lead the conversation to the pleasures of music and reading—that is, the reading of good authors, such as Macaulay or Motley. Motley is very safe, and Macaulay's History—with the exception of some portions of the reign of Charles II, which, you know. I always ruled out for you—is good

reading for any girl. But, my dear Louisa, be careful with some others you have lately been asking me about. For instance, George Eliot. Although you may get no harm from George Eliot, her writings are not at all for girls of twenty. like Penelope; and you know even you only read some of her books. It would not do for Penelope to fancy you and she are to be on an equality in your reading. The safest way for her will be to apply first to you, and then together you can bring under my notice the author she desires to study."

And Penelope had had the run of her father's library ever since she was old enough to mount the ladder!

What was Penelope now doing?

the ladder!
What was Penelope now doing?
Lady Carnoustie pictured her youthful visitor superintending the unpacking of her trunks and the arrangement of their contents. My reademay have conjured up a vision of a tender-hearted, susceptible girl gazing pensively from her turner window on the beauteous landscape now ed, susceptible girl gazing pensively from ner turret window on the beauteous landscape now veiled in shadow; for the sun had sunk, and darkness was fast gathering over sea and land. As a matter of fact, Penelope was ensconced in the biggest chair in the room, and was saying to herself, with a smile, that was almost a laugh upon her lips, "What a queer lot of people I have come among!"

CHAPTER V.

"We've a new neighbor," announced Lord Carnoustie, the following morning at breakfast. "Inverashet is let."

"Have you heard to whom?" inquired his wife. Lady Carnoustie's grammar was always irreproachable; her daughters had once been lectured for an hour on end, because one of them had

for an hour on end, because one of them had put a like question, wording it "who to?"

"Redwood is the name. He's a young man—an Englishman—a bachelor with no family."

"My dear Carnoustie!"

"Well? 'My dear Carnoustie,' what d'ye mean? What's wrong? What have I said? The man is a bachelor, and he has no family; what fault have you to find with him for that? Joanna, cover up the scones again, you'll have them as cold as stones; and just put a little more coffee in this, my dear," handing his coffee cup to be replenished; "but don't throw away that that's in. Oh! what waste!" angrily, as his wife, turning a deaf ear, poured the contents into the sloping a deaf ear, poured the contents into the slop-basin. 'It was perfectly good. I only wanted it warmed up. Women are all alike for wastery,' muttering to himself over the long-standing

was an old, old wrangle. Ever since any one

approve, and had actually been about to say so.

"Do you really? I was afraid you would consider it impertinent. I mean that it was not Penciope's place"—

"It all depends on how a thing is done, my dear. It might have been impertinent in an impertinent girl; but Penciope has—a—a—I own could see nothing unbecoming in her manner," which was a wonderful admission on the part of her lailyship.

It was not her way to praise. To have expressed herself charmed by the bright face and frank bearing of her young visitor, to have a pressy girl?" would have been absolutely unbecome impression—are markably favorable impres

"Aye, it would belong to the house. There is no ferryboat at Inverashet."

"And he took a couple of dogs in the boat with him. Getting those dogs over the side of the steamer was fun."

"But, my dear," Lady Carnoustie could no longer hold her peace, "my dear Penelope, were you—ahem!—standing by and—and looking on?" She drew a face—what she meant to be a playful face of consternation at the idea.

"No, indeed, aunt: I lent a hand at the crisis. When the dogs were let loose, they made a rush for their master, and knocked his sticks and fishing-rods out of his hand (he had them strapped together in a bundle, you know). I picked them up and held them for him as he hauled the dogs overboard."

"A London girl!" was depicted on every line of Lady Carnoustie's face.

"What sort of dogs were they?" cried her husband, imperiously waving her down. When sport was in the question he neither resorted to compromise nor tolerated delay; he would be heard, and she should give way to him.

"Two large, strong dogs, uncle."

"Large—strong—dogs!" Lord Carnoustie stared.
"Do you mean to say that's all you have to tell about them? Large? Strong? They might be cart-horses. I suppose you can tell if they were Newfoundlands or St. Bernards?" ironically.

Penelope, however, missed the irony.

"Oh, no; I am sure they were not those—that is, I am nearly sure," replied she, in all good faith. "I know a St. Bernard, for there is one next door to us in London and a Newfoundland is the sort of dog Landseer paints, isn't he?"
"The sort of dog Landseer paints," Lord Carnoustie gulped down something in his throat. "Landseer painted every dog under the sun, if you must know; and if you are going to get your knowledge of dogs from Landseer's paintings, Miss Penelope—but I thought that no one could have mistaken a pointer or a setter," he muttered.

"Has a pointer or a setter black curly hair?" "Has a pointer or a setter black curly hair?" irquired Penelope, with a bright thought.
"Black curly hair? Why, that's a retriever, One was a retriever, was he? Come, that's better. And about the other? Try and think what the other was like, there's a good lassle. Was he long or short haired? Was he black-and-tan, or liver-colored, or—or"—
"My dear Carnoustie, what can it matter? Do be content with knowing all about your own does."

dogs."
"But I'll not be content, madam. If I choose to know about other people's dogs, I will know about them. Don't you be afraid to speak out, Penelope"—she was now in high favor. "Just take your time and think it over. Take your time; don't be hurried. Try to recall the other dog."

time; don't be hurried. Try to recall the other dog."

"I can recall it perfectly well now, uncle. A smooth-haired dog, with a white coat blotched all over, and a high, sticking-up tail."

"A pointer for a wager!" cried Lord Carnoustie in an ecstacy. "You couldn't have hit off a pointer better, lassie. A pointer and a retriever. There, now I know what I want to know; and you can all of ye go at the girl for the rest. I'll be bound you will get more of her than I should. If it was Redwood—and it must have been Redwood, for no one else would get out at Inversahet with dogs, without it was a keeper—"Oh, no, uncle; he was a gentleman."

"Why, then, you heard, maybe, what brought him down so early, and if he has come to stay or not? It was a queer thing my not having heard the place was let till the very day the tenant arrived; but it has all been done in a hurry. Maybe he has only come to look around, though. Did you hear if he had only come to look round, or to take up his quarters for the summer?"

As Lady Carnoustie also wished to be informed as the control of the summer of the control of the control of the control of the control of the permitted the interroga-

summer?"

As Lady Carnoustle also wished to be informed on these points, she permitted the interrogations to pass unchallenged.

But Penelope had little more to tell. She had not overheard any further remarks let fall by the new tenant, and could only remember that the steamboat captain had turned to one of his men as the boat dropped astern, and remarked. "He'll find the time long till the twelfth, I misdoot," over which mysterious comment she had puzzled in her own mind.

She now produced it, and the riddle was solved instantly.

had puzzled in her own mind.

She now produced it, and the riddle was solved instantly.

"Find the time long till 'the twelfth,' did you say? Aye, aye; that means he'll be stopping on till the twelfth, sure enough. Find the time long? My certle, that he will, if he is nothing but a shooting man. He has all June and July to get through. Were you asking what 'the twelfth' is?" to Penelope, "It is the twelfth of August—the day when grouse-shooting begins, my dear." Lord Carnoustie felt now quite friendly toward an informant who was contributing such a fund of information about his new neighbor, and who had enabled him to identify his new neighbor's dogs.

Penelope might think that she had little to tell, but she had yet to learn how far a little could go at Carnoustie Castle.

She had been interested in the man in the long light-gray coat, to whom pertained the portmanteaus and gun-cases marked "G. R."

There was not another lady or gentleman on board but themselves; and inspired by the romantic nature of her surroundings and the halo of the summer eve, she had, if the truth must be confessed, rather wished that something or other might happen to cause the tall figure which stood so immovably gazing out to sea from the far end of the boat to turn round and behold herself.

If he would only wheel about and take an interest in passing events (not this terms event) with the truth with the terms of the surface of t

If he would only wheel about and take an inherself.

If he would only wheel about and take an interest in passing events (not that there were any passing events, except that a tiresome child with a cold in its head would keep running round and round the cabin skylight); but still something might have been got up to please the gentleman, if the gentleman would have consented to be pleased; instead of which he stook stock-still with his hands in his pockets, sharply outlined against the sunset, and apparently finding his own musings all-sufficient.

Penelope had had tea and bread and butter below, but he had never descended. On her reappearance she found he had moved to another part of the deck, but was still gazing out ahead, still with his hands in the pockets of his long coat.

side.

"That is where he is going to be put out," concluded Penelope, shrewdly. And the event had proved her right.

As the steamer had drawn nearer the land, cottages had been discernible, as many as would form a scattered village; and from thence the boat which she described to her audience at the breakfast table had put out, and picked off her friend, his man-servant, and his dogs.

She called him to herself her "friend," but was grimly conscious, as she watched the departing boatload, that the friendship had been somewhat one-sided.

one-sided.

For the time being it had amused, occupied, and distracted her thoughts to fix them upon this unimpressionable stranger; and if any of my readers choose to think the worse of her for it, let one-sided.

Some people never find anything to make the time pass in such little incidents.

Those people are not to be envied. They are the sort of folks who ensconce themselves in the corners of their own compartment of a railway

corners of their own compartment of a railway carriage and never know what the opposite faces are like; who can wait passively for hours in the hall of a club, or the public room of a hotel, gazing into blankness, blind and deaf to the various little dramas being enacted on every side; who have no eyes to see the bitter disappointment on the child's face when the coveted article on the shop counter is beyond the reach of the little purse; who brush aside the groups that cluster weeping round the windows of the emigrant train—one of the saddest sights on earth—and wonder impatiently why such obstructions of the traffic are allowed.

Penelope East was not tainted with such

Penelope East was not tainted with such egotism. Young, healthy and happy, she actually did not consider herself the centre of the universe. (To be continued.)